

Psalm for Our Days

by Charleen Smith, Grand Rapids (MI) MM

The Wholeness of God I view through the multiplex lens of a fly's eye,
Each image complete, amplified into a new significance.

The Beauty of Creation I find in the sweet stink of putrefaction
As the strength of life leaches back into the soil.

The Wisdom of the Father is explained to me through the dementia of the aged,
Those who have begun to grasp life's meaning

The Perfection of the Lord I see in the asymmetry of deformation
Where the potential in the irregular reveals the poverty of standard.

The Heavenly Chorus is broadcast through the advertising
Of our misunderstood needs.

The Bounty of the Earth is packed in the bags of the street people
Who hold it in proxy for the rest of us.

The Peace that passes All Understanding hides out in the desert places of my soul,
and my Faith rests in the assurance that Nothing matters.

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